THE
Jeſuite in the Pound:
OR,
Father Peters in Diſguiſe,
Taken by
Vice Admiral Herbert

HALLOO! Halloo! my Dogg too! my Dogg too! There *Jowler*, at him *Ringwood*. There, there, there, you have him on the Scent! He's our own. Now Jolly Huntſman, wind the Horn. He's Taken! he's Taken! he's Taken! The Old Fox, that lately broke away from the *Engliſh*-Court, is now taken in the *Dutch* Nooſe. I Gad, *Herbert*, and his Water-Spaniels, are plaguy Mouth'd Currs, they neither ſpare *Fox* nor *Geeſe*. What a Murrain croſs-grain'd Wind blew the Holy Father this way, when his Reverence with full Sail was bound for *Paris*, an Hundred Thouſand Pounds ſtrong, bidding a long Farewel to *England* for ever?

But Fate, that flew faſter than the *Jeſuit*, ſoon overtook him, when the Vice-Admiral having notice of his Eſcape, and (more Tempted with the Spirit of Revenge than the Thouſand Pounds Reward) lay in cloſe wait for him. He had had a copious and ample Deſcription of his Diſguiſe, who was now dreſt up like a double Hypocrite, *viz.* That inſtead of a *Canonical Gown*, he had got on him a Red Cloak, reſembling the Bloody Robes of the *Scarlet Whore*. That this Cloak was cut out of a ſpick and ſpan new piece of Jeſuitical Equivocation, Lin'd with Mental Reſervation, which was the Appurtenances of the outward Garment: Underneath he had a Veſt of the ſame Colour, cut out of the Petticoat of the ſaid *Whore*; Lin'd with *Ignorance*, and Faced with *Infallibility*, being within-ſide all *Hypocriſie* and *Diſſimulation*. But to the Matter,

In this Diſguiſe (its ſaid) he paſt down the River to *Rocheſter*; where, after a plentiful Repaſt, being receiv'd on Board a ſmall Yatch, prepared for his Reception, they ſoon put off to Sea, the Wind and Tide ſeeming to favour his Eſcape. But ſee the Inconſtancy of the Flattering Fates; ſcarce were they out of ſight of Land, when a thick Miſt diſperſing, they diſcover'd a Ship; which (the better to Cloak the deſign) bore the *French* Colours, which put the Dejected Jeſuit into new Heart, hoping now to ſecure his Flight in a larger Bottom. He hauls them in with the Chaſe Gun; They ſtrike Sail, and lie by. The Admiral, with Forty Men, boards 'em, yet find no Oppoſition: The Jeſuit, with all his Ship-Crew, retires into the great Cabbin, ſinging *Te Deum* for their happy Deliverance. But *Herbert*, who knew Father *Peters* too well to be miſtaken in that Diſguiſe, ſeiz'd him, conveying him (inſtead of going to *Calis*) to the *Dutch* Fleet; from whence, it's verily believ'd, his 100000. Pounds will hardly Pay his Ranſom.

Thus you ſee, that notwithſtanding all the Secret Policies, Contrivances, and Diſguiſes of theſe Impoſtures, nothing can for ever preſerve them, but they muſt at laſt fall into the Hands of Juſtice.

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